A POEM

On the Taking

St. MART'S.

WHEN *Lewis* ſtrove as all agree,
For Univerſal Monarchy,
And thro' his Cunning bore ſuch Sway
That kept all *Europe* at a Bay.
Impoſing on the *Spaniſh* Throne
A Baby Grandſon of his own.
One that himſelf knew how to Rule,
As a Quack Doctor does his Fool.
Who muſt with every Whim comply,
Deſign'd to cheat the Standers by.
'Twas then the *Dutch* and *Engliſh* Fleet
With Force unconquerable great,
Rid uncontrol'd upon the Main,
And ſteer'd a joyful Courſe to *Spain*,
In hopes all to return (God bleſs us)
As Rich as *Solomon* or *Craſus*,

But for ſome Reaſon yet unknown,
The mighty Deeds remain undone;
Tho' the Deſign was well projected,
It did not prove as we expected.
Some ſay the Cauſe we did not ſpeed,
Was that ſome merry Rogues in Red,
Grew tipſey with the noble Juice,
Which Vineyards yelds for human Uſe.
And cocking then there little Guns,
They made a Sally on the Nuns;
O'er run the pious heavenly Maids
Tho' arm'd with Crucifix and Beads:
Then flung them on their Backs ſome tell ye,
And baſely Stab'd them in the Belly.
The Heroes drew, puſh'd home upon them,
And ſeveral Inches in they run them.
Whilſt they poor Souls, and nothing elſe,
But Scabbards to defend themſelves,
Which is no Safeguard, we muſt own,
Againſt a Blade that's ready drawn;
Yet ſome among theſe Godly Laſſes,
So Fenc'd, they put by many Paſſes;
Whilſt others at their Victor's Foot
Sprawling upon their Backs cry'd out;
Nay if I muſt be kill'd I muſt,
And ſo ſubmitted to the thruſt.
Theſe Holy Siſters knew full well,
There was no Fence againſt a Flail;
That Conquerors will do what they wou'd do,
An ſo complyed, as Women ſhou'd do.

Altho'

Johnson e.3155

Altho' the Soldiers won the Day,
And all the Nuns at Mercy lay,
Whilſt every Heroe (till appeas'd,)
Stuck his fair Miſtreſs as he pleas'd;
Yet the Succeſs fell out ſo Croſs,
Our Side ſuſtain'd the greater Loſs.
For 'tis affirm'd by News from *Cadiz*,
That none were Gainers but the Ladies.

But now to let you know what paſt,
Betwixt both Sides at firſt and laſt,
The Matter ſhall be fairly Stated,
How ſeveral Nuns Capitulated:
How ſome kind Heroes gain'd upon them,
And by ſoft Elocution won them.
Who ſcorning Force lay'd by their Swords,
And try'd the pleaſing Power of Words.

A Gallant Youth who led the Van
With his fair Victim thus began,
Bright Innocence the Fate of War
Has deſtin'd me your Conqueror;
But yet fair Soul thoſe charming Eyes
Have made me Captive by Surprize,
You need not for Compaſſion ſue
'Tis I muſt Mercy ask of you,
The Sweetneſs in your Looks I ſee
Doth bind me faſt, but you are free:
Therefore 'twould be but juſt and kind,
To ſhew the Mercy you would find.

From him who might by Conqueſt claim
What now he craves to cool his Flame.
But you the Victor's Power ſhall have
And I your Victim and your Slave;
Will only beg at your fair Hand,
Thoſe Favours which I could Command.
The charming Creature much afraid,
In Tears reply'd to what he ſaid——

Moſt noble Youth each gentle Word,
Prevails beyond the fear of Sword,
But tho' you've kindly us'd me thus
You ſtill may prove more Generous.
Conſider I'm a harmleſs Maid
And know not how you'd be Obey'd,
Bred up in theſe Monaſtick Weeds
Devoted to my Prayers and Beads,
Young, Innocent, and never taught,
To entertain an evil Thought.
Religion is my daily Task,
I know not what it is you ask;
If it be Sinful? I deny.
If Innofenſive? I comply.
Conſent to ill, you muſt excuſe,
I'd rather you your force wou'd uſe.
For if by rugged Violence,
You take from my weak Innocence,
What I conſent not to reſign,
The Sin is wholly yours, not mine.

Madam,

Madam, the gentle Youth reply'd,
You ſteer towards Rocks you would avoid,
And into greater Evils run
Than thoſe you are about to ſhun;
For if it can be an Offence
To enjoy ſweet Virgin Innocence.
To attempt your Chaſtity by force
For certain makes the Crime the worſe,
Therefore if you ſuch Violence chuſe,
That's wicked for a Man to uſe,
Which you ſo eaſily may prevent
By kindly giving your Conſent.
Heaven at your Door the Guilt will lay
Becauſe you chuſe the ſinful'ſt Way.
Then cloſe he hugs her in his Arms,
And makes a Treſpaſs on her Charms.

Oh! deareſt Youth don't uſe me ſo,
Forbear your force and let me go,
I will I vow, I will reſign,
O do not let the Sin be mine.

The next was of a courſer Mold,
By Wine made merry brisk and bold,
Who catching hold on Holy Siſter,
Addreſt her thus, but firſt he Kiſs't her.
Madam, ſays he, I vow and ſwear
Thou art ſo Young, ſo Soft and Fair,
That I'd not looſe this pretious Minute
For Paradice and all that's in it.

Therefore

Therefore my Dear, to deal Ingenious,
I will be *Mars*, you muſt be *Venus*,
And in this very Houſe or Manſion,
We'l enter into cloſe Conjunction;
Be free and I ſhall ſoon diſpatch you
I'm cock'd and prim'd and muſt have at you.

Lord Sir, the pretty Nun cry'd out,
I hope you're not deſign'd to Shoot;
I'll grant you all you can deſire,
But do not, do not, do not fire,
For if you do, I'm ſore afraid
You'll kill me, oh! you kill me dead.

Next theſe appear'd a Spruce Caddee,
A Beau of wondrous Nicety,
Who patts his Captive on the Cheek,
And thus the Fop begins to ſpeak;
Dear pretty Phubs, I vow to Gad,
You Ladies maks us Soldiers mad,
What frigid Mortal can forbear,
Sweet Beauty ſo Devout and Fair:
Nay frame not ſuch an angry Face,
I muſt attack your gartering Place.

Excuſe me, Sir, Oh! let me go,
How can you ſerve a Virgin ſo?
To no immodeſt Freedoms given,
But weded for her Life to Heaven.

Cotzooks

Cotzooks, my Dear, why what's the meaning?
By all that's Sacred, here's no Linnen.
Why prethee, Madam, what a Pox
Are Nuns allow'd to wear no Smocks?

No Sir, the charming fair One cry'd,
We humour not our Eaſe or Pride,
We wear courſe Woolen next our Skins,
As Penance for our leſſer Sins.

Faith Madam give me leave to tell you,
By the Lord, I fancy, that I ſmell you,
Like an old Goat, methinks you're Frowzy,
Beſides my Dear, I fair you're Louſey;
Faith Madam, you may keep for me,
Your Sanctify'd Virginity:
What Sloven do you think would uſe it,
Since you can't make on ſhift to loſe it?
Give me good, clean, fine Holland Limen,
Fit for a Gentleman to Sin in.
No Smock (ad take me) I'd as ſoon
Cajole a Beggar as a Nun.

Come, Madam, ſaid a Stander by,
That ſee the Beau ſo Nice and Shy,
I've ſeen as good as he by troth.
Make a good Meal without a Cloath;
Faith Madam, keener Appetites
Will jump at what his Stomach ſlights,

And I my self am glad to chuse,
Those Blessings he disdain'd to use.

Have Pity on a Maid she cryes,
Dear Sir, that at your Mercy lyes;
Pollute not helpless Innocence,
Forbear that crying black Offence.

Wounds, Madam, says the merry Blade,
Woman for the use of Man was made;
The Innocence you pleas'd a Jest,
You would not talk so to a Priest.
I know you Nuns are but a sort,
Of pious Wag-tails for the Sport
Of brawny Monks and Priest's Design'd,
Your Cloyster'd Life is but a Blind;
Therefore don't struggle but ly still,
I vow and swear I must and will.

Nay Sir, reply'd the charming Saint,
If you're so resolutely bent?
In me it's Folly to contend,
I must submit and there's and End;
But don't, dear Sir, nay don't, forbear,
Lord what d'ye do, O there, O there,
Nay, now I'll swear you've quite undone,
A Nun, O fye, a Nun, a Nun.

FINIS.